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THE
MISSIONARY LINK.

VOL. XVIII.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 6.

ANOTHER LINK, and this the last one of the six which encircle the twelve months of our year 1887, rolling it up as a volume finished. But they clasp even more, for these LINKS bind not only months, but the work and words of toilers in distant heathen lands with the more humble, but equally important, labors of Officers, Collectors and Bands here at home. Sweet privileges, great responsibilities, this year has held out to us all, and never more emphatically so than now! The letters of our teachers portray the need of prompt and renewed effort on their part, and on ours, if this new and wonderful work for women is to be not only supported, but enlarged, to accord with the signs of the times in the East.

“The Church of England Missionary Society send out a card on which is inscribed Cycle of Prayer—a station or branch of a mission to be prayed for each day. A response which came back from Switzerland contains the true spirit of prayer: “Though very few of the names of stations in the Cycle of Prayer are familiar to me, I remember that they are all known to God, and I can say, ‘O Lord, Thou knowest all about — and its needs; bless all the workers there, for Jesus Christ’s sake. Amen.’”

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

CHINA—SHANGHAI.

IS MEDICAL WORK A SUCCESS?

Letters from Dr. REIFSNYDER.

June 6th.—The month of May has just closed, and we finish up about as busy a month, I can truly say, as it has ever been my lot to meet. The weather was most delightful; very few days of rain, and, as a natural outcome of so many bright days, our daily numbers were more than we could attend to. Three thousand and four were seen; 4,400 prescriptions were filled for outside patients, to say nothing of those in the house; while several important visits were made. In connection with the above, we have succeeded quite well in a financial point of view, as we received \$100 from the Chinese patients, mainly the daily ones. When we have so many patients, a great deal of medicine is used. The common cry to Miss McKechnie is, "Give me more medicine, please, for I have come such a long way, and it is difficult for me to get here." During the month of May a poor woman was operated upon, who, after suffering seven years, was as nearly dead as a person could be, and yet live. After the operation, she sat up in less than a week, was with us several weeks longer, and when she left, was so changed that she seemed like a new woman, and we all rejoiced with her. There is a great deal that is very pleasant and most encouraging in our work—far more than I ever anticipated. Yesterday one of our patients, who has been with us almost three months, left us, and we were truly sorry to have her go. She had been sick for almost two years—a case of scrofula, much neglected. She was operated upon the last of March, and has been most patient. As a reward, she is healed, and so pleased. We wanted her to go home three weeks ago, but her mother insisted upon having her stay longer, saying that her mind had

been at ease ever since her daughter had been with us. Yesterday, when the mother came she was quite troubled, as our Matron, my efficient helper, was ill with inflammatory rheumatism. The mother felt she ought to have her daughter remain and help us; but as a new brother had arrived while this oldest daughter was with us, the latter wanted to go home and see all her brothers and sisters. The mother said the daughter would return and help us. Was it not kind in both to remember us? I have already been invited to the wedding, whenever it may take place. The engagement has been delayed on account of her ill health.

THE SPECIAL NATIVE ASSISTANT.

June 23d.—You want to know what Mrs. Tsang does. She is my special assistant; dresses all the sores, legs, heads, arms, etc.; treats all the eyes after having been told what to do; pulls teeth when I am not here, and does many other things in cases of emergency; has great self-reliance, yet most modest and unassuming. She assists at all the surgical operations; helps in the drug room; sees after the bandages by doing them herself, or getting some of the patients to do them. Need I add more? She is already an excellent Bible scholar; thinks for herself, which is a thing few do; asks most intelligent questions and answers intelligently. We have a Bible class every Friday night here, and we note her progress. She has not come out boldly upon the Lord's side, though I believe her to be a Christian. Her friends at home object to Christianity. We never expect to get another woman like Mrs. Tsang, and hope she may be kept well, for she is not very strong.

SWEET WORDS OF GRATITUDE.

[Translation of a letter written by Mrs. Tsang to the young ladies of "Smith College."]

To the Society of Single Women of the Great American Kingdom, Tsang Tsung Yew writes as follows: As a child, I studied books; when I grew to womanhood, I did the duties

pertaining to women ; but now, thanks be to God, I have been allowed to assist in the Hospital work for more than two years, and I thank you all to the greatest extent that you have furnished means for me to work here. And again, to God I give thanks for the great wisdom he has given Dr. Reifsnyder to enable her to cure so many sick people without number. The Hospital is in a most flourishing condition. From all the four points of the compass the people come ; some 500 li (over 150 miles), and some days 170 and 180 patients. Already this year over 6,000 new patients have been seen. When I came to the Hospital I understood very little ; but now, thanks to Dr. Reifsnyder and Miss McKechnie, who have taught me, I am able to assist at times in the wards with the house patients. After ten A. M., I go into the drug-room and make medicines, etc. At one P. M. I assist with the daily patients. After the daily patients are all seen, I again go up into the wards. I thank God that my health is so much better, and that He has so increased my strength that I am able to do this work. I greatly desire that the Lord will bless you and give you peace. I with my hand write this letter. Peace be unto you ! The women associated with me in the Hospital work, both married and single, together with my family, all join in the salutation, Peace be with you !

A DELIGHTFUL CALL.

[In our July LINK we gave Mrs. Abel Stevens' impressions of our India work. We now have the pleasure of her testimony after a visit to our Hospital in Shanghai—the more valuable, in that it was written only for her own home circle.]

Shanghai, China, May 3d.—At our hotel they did not know the name of Dr. Reifsnyder, so we stopped at an English book store and they directed our men, and we went in “Jin-rik-shaws” out through the city. In twenty minutes and just outside the wall, we found a fine stone building, the Margaret Williamson Hospital, and a host of Chinese about the entrance,

waiting for one o'clock, the hour for treatment. It was then just twelve o'clock. Dr. Reifsnyder and Miss McKechnie, her assistant, came in, looking so bright as soon as they heard why we called, and gave us a hearty welcome, inviting us to go over the Hospital. We went first through their compounding room, so neatly and compactly arranged; everything shining! Miss McKechnie, with a large white apron on, in manner quiet, gentle, lady-like; Dr. Reifsnyder is naturally energetic, earnest, and they perfectly complement each other. Dr. R. could scarcely talk fast enough as she led us through the various rooms and into the wards where patients lay in their beds. For each case, as she named it, she had a touch, a smile, a word of cheer. "This poor patient, a tumor;" "This skin disease," etc.; then the children's ward, "A little one with leg amputated," "A little consumptive patient," and so on. All the rooms so neat and airy. Then such a nice room for Committee Meetings, Bible Class, etc., with ornamental things sent from home. How they do appreciate them! In a box came a lovely engraving of Christ with the lamb in His arms, which was conspicuously hung.

With all their love for the work, their great hopefulness, they yet have their weary hours—"The Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Then could those who send these home-like offerings to the workers only know what a comfort they are, they would feel doubly, trebly repaid. These workers need comforts, encouragements. I heard one say of a lovely little pastoral scene of trees, running stream, green grass, that hung on her wall: "You can't think how restful that is. When my work is over for the day, I sit down and look at it, it is so home-like! Have you not seen just such a little bit of nature?" Another said: "This little plaque, a fair-haired boy, an invalid at home, painted for me;" "This scarf another embroidered for me," and so on over a half dozen pretty articles laden with memories of the love that suggested the gift.

From the Hospital we went to the Bridgman House, where our missionaries really live. It is an old place and has a nice garden; the house repaired so practically, neatly, prettily, that we thought they knew how to make wisest use of the money entrusted to them. A large room, well arranged as chapel, and on same floor school-room, parlor, dining-room; above are the sleeping-rooms, four, I think, all neat, airy, pretty. On a little building at entrance, perhaps intended originally for gate-keeper, is a beautiful vine, planted by Mrs. Prun before she went home. I intended sending a leaf or two in this letter, but we talked until the last moment, and I forgot to pick them.

A Brooklyn Nurse in Shanghai.

[*From Brooklyn Eagle.*]

Miss Andrews, a graduate of the class of 1886, of a Brooklyn Hospital, now in a Hospital in Shanghai, gives her experience in learning the Chinese language :

“You ask me, how I am getting on with Chinese? It is unquestionably a fearful undertaking. I will tell you how I study. A Chinaman comes at nine A. M. He sits on one side of the room and I on the other. He has a book and I have a book. He reads the unintelligible jargon, and I, as I suppose, repeat his words. He continues shouting and I endeavor to echo him. Finally, in sheer desperation, I change my tone of voice, and his face suddenly becomes radiant. It is a question of Eureka! I have caught the tone. The same word may have many distinct meanings, which are only distinguishable from the inflections of the voice. This training I keep up until twelve o'clock—three hours! The Celestial reappears at 1.30 and I continue for two hours longer. By night I am deaf, dumb and blind. I can already count up to 1,000, tell you what man, dog, cat, etc., mean in Chinese, and so go on from day to day, hoping, sometimes against hope, to conquer, and finally to do credit to our training at the Brooklyn Hospital.”

JAPAN—YOKOHAMA.

GATHERING FRUIT.

Letter from MRS. VIELE.

April 22d, 1887.—The children here learn to read and write English quite fluently before they can speak it. The dresses of these children are of cheap Japanese material and made under my direction, costing very little. I have a Japanese man dress-maker who comes to the house and cuts and bastes, and I have the older girls do much of the work. When I first came out to Japan I did much of it myself, but with so large a family and so many accumulating cares, I do not find time to give to this work. Then, too, I want my girls, as they grow up, to take upon themselves all possible responsibilities of this kind. The older girls each have the care of some of the younger ones, and this develops their own characters and dispositions, and it also relieves me. This work of training these young women is no sinecure. It means earnest and persevering continuity in a path not always smooth, not always plain; but ever needing much grace, much wisdom; and often one must walk by faith for years before the light breaks, to show that the seed-sowing, the “line upon line” process, is bearing fruit. But when the fruitage does begin to appear, when we see these dear ones coming to Jesus and developing noble Christian lives, how it pays, and how our hearts rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable. Last year two of my girls graduated from our school. Both have filled positions of usefulness for the past year. This spring two others will graduate, who have given me care in years gone by.

Blessed be God, we have *Him* here, strong in power, mighty to save, and these two dear girls have had overcoming grace and have wonderfully conquered their evil tendencies. I knowing how brave they have been, I am so proud of them to-day! Good, noble, strong Christian women, equipped for useful lives. The home and school training of the girls must necessarily be a slow process, and in some cases

require years of patient labor before yielding fruitage. Seldom does it occur, however, that one has to be sent away for lack of faith on our part for ultimate good results in her training.

HOPEFUL VIEWS.

Japan is, indeed, a wonderfully interesting country, and just now is in a wonderful state of transformation, and we, who at home or abroad, have a hand in the work of winning souls to the Lord's side, may well be grateful for our privilege.

Sometimes my work looks very insignificant—the daily homely work of caring for these little ones. But when I see them after years have done their work in developing, and realize that every lesson was needed to make them what they are, I am more than satisfied. I am grateful for the needed patience given, for the grace to endure under many discouraging clouds, all of which pass away when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings, renewing their hearts and lives!

MORNING WORSHIP.

The morning worship is divided into two services—that for the servants and Bible women being conducted in Japanese, and for the students in English. Twenty-six weekly meetings are held in native homes by Mrs. Pierson and her Bible women, who go out in twos and threes. Sometimes the Gospel is heard for the first time in this way. Spoken perhaps by the Bible women in great weakness, and often with too little faith for results, listened to with critical, rather than eager, ears. Still, it *is* spoken, it *is* heard, it *is* prayed for, and left with Him who has said, “My Word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I send it.” The preparation of these Bible women is a work occupying much of Mrs. Pierson's time. She holds three daily meetings with them in her room for this purpose, instructing them in every Bible lesson they are to teach; and so the work goes, quietly and constantly on, though not as rapidly, perhaps, as we could desire.

While Mrs. Pierson is away during vacation the Bible Women who remain in the place hold weekly meetings at the appointed places, and the regular Sunday evening meetings in school-room and parlor are kept up. But while the weather is hot not much aggressive work can be done, for we keep quiet and wait for the cooler season, when our school will commence.

A NEW CHARGE.

Not long since a little one was brought to my room, one of whom I had heard several weeks ago, whose English father had forsaken his child, and the mother, too poor to support her, had sent her to live with a farmer's family, who, having children of their own, were not willing to keep her longer without remuneration. When I heard of the case I went out ten miles in the country to see her, and when I reached the place, and found a bright, handsome girl of ten years, all ready and waiting for somebody to come and adopt her, how thankful I was that God had honored me by sending *me* on this little errand for Him, and my heart said, "Lord, faithfully will I discharge this new trust." She did not come with me that day, but followed soon after, and when she came to my room, her face beaming with the delight in her heart over the new and strange life opening up to her, my own heart was also full of a deep and tender joy, realizing, as I did, the life from which she is *saved*, and the grand possibilities of what she may become and of what she may accomplish for God in this land; and we knelt in earnest prayer that He who had singled out this dear child and brought her to this home, would lovingly watch over and care for her, and that she might become a vessel chosen for the Master's use. Let special prayers be offered by readers of the LINK for this dear child, the last one who has entered the Home, and who has been given to us unreservedly, to be a child of the mission for education, support and training, until she is able to care for herself. In her case, as in some others, there seems to be a special providence in the leadings that brought her to our care.

INDIA—CAWNPORE.

A STRONG CRY FOR HELP.

Letter from Miss WARD.

July 9th, 1887.—Our summer holiday is over, and we are back at the regular work. Just before the holidays we befriended a poor Mahommedan widow, whose daughter, a little girl of eleven, had been much ill used in her husband's house. The matter came up in court, and we testified that we had seen marks of cuts and burns on the child. Judgment was given in favor of the widow and her child, and the father-in-law and his sons were fined and bound over for six months to keep the peace. We have threats of what the Mahommedan men will do to us, but we do not fear, as it was only right to help the helpless. Some of our Mahommedan pupils have told us it is a good thing for the men to know that the women have friends, and they will be more likely in future to treat them better; but I am sorry to say that some of the men have closed their doors to us. New houses and new schools are, however, opening in their places, and no doubt the work will spread the wider. Oh, we need your prayers for guidance and wisdom!

Uphold the hands of your new missionary by prayer. I am sure we often feel the influence which is sent in answer to the prayers of the Christian women of America.

 ZENANA WOMEN.
Letter from Miss HARRIS.

MANY of my pupils are growing more and more interesting, they seem to like the Scripture lesson, and I am often asked in my Zenanas to sing "a song of Jesus," meaning one of our Christian hymns. The Babus who are employed in the railway office, live close to the Station

house. There are about nine families, and some of the women are reading with us. Last week I was asked to go and teach in a new Zenana. They are quite a large family, for the Babu has two wives, and his mother, aunt, sister and her husband and children, all live together in one small house. My pupils here are the Babu's second wife, and a niece, as yet unmarried, because they have not found a suitable man for her. A Bo put a chair for me in a veranda, and opposite on the floor were two small squares of carpet for my pupils; a little distance away she spread a large carpet, and all present, including the baby, sat on it, very quietly, for some time, while I taught the girls, who are very bright and pleasant. The second wife is the favorite one, but is not much liked by the other women.

The husband of my pupil in the next house is a Brahmin, and belonged to a sect of devotees who do not work, but the Hindus are supposed to help them. They are learned people and spend most of their time reading religious books, and instructing their followers, whom they call their disciples. My pupil told me that her husband would not allow her at first to read with us.

I have one more pupil; she and her sister are married to two brothers, and live with their husbands' grandmother. To-day my pupil had gone out, so I had a long talk with the old woman. I sang a hymn to her, then she began to tell me that when she was young she never cared to read any religious books. We hear about God, but now she loves to talk of Him, and she feels thankful that God has spared her life to know more of Him. I wish I could say that she believed on Jesus, but she does not. Yet she listens quietly when I tell her of the Saviour.

A friend sends a Christmas box and tells us "At seventy and seven years of age I feel that my work is nearly done, and my daily prayer is that the Lord will raise up many faithful laborers to carry on his glorious good-begun work, and the blessed light of the Gospel of Christ dawn on every nation, tribe and tongue under the whole Heaven."

INDIA—CALCUTTA.

JUGGERNATH IN A SCHOOL-ROOM.

Letter from Miss CADDY.

July 1st, 1887.—Juggernath (the lord of the earth) has been ill. Change of air was deemed advisable, and to-day he returns home after spending a week with his Aunt. A very doleful week we should think it, if we were locked up in a room all the time. One of our ladies has been sadly inconvenienced by this visit of Juggernath, for one of her school-rooms was used to accommodate the sick visitor, and there he has been locked up all the week! This evening he will be dragged through the streets on his "Rath" or car, followed by numbers of people tomtoming and hallooing in true heathen fashion. The children will flock to see these processions, and to purchase the sweeties and toys that will be displayed, in greater abundance than on ordinary occasions.

It is the fun and show that attracts the people now, more than any faith in Juggernath. Idolatry is so mixed up with the social life of the people. Satan has indeed been clever in fastening its cords in the hearts of the people, so as to increase the difficulty of uprooting it. Our object is to implant the truth of God in the hearts and minds of our pupils. We do not say much about their false gods, but we strive to lift up Christ, and trust to His drawing power.

"MOHA" MARRIED.

I was grieved on returning to my Eutally school, to find that my best pupil had been married. Shortly before the holidays her father had expressed his pleasure at the progress she had made, and had assured me she should continue with me two years longer. But as Hindu marriages go, I cannot blame him much. An exceedingly nice young man had been found, and it was a pity to lose the chance. The school servant told me that the father was afraid to let me know any-

thing about it until it was all over. The young bridegroom has given up idolatry and is a Brahmo. He wants to have his wife well educated. After a few months spent at his father's house, she is to return to Calcutta to finish her education. He wanted to see me before he left Calcutta and I went to the house and had an interview with him. He seemed like a very intelligent, bright young man, good looking, with a frank, open manner. He told me plainly that the only objection he had to my school was, that we taught Christianity; that that was a strong point with him, and he had thought of the Bethune school, where no Christianity is taught. We talked for more than an hour. He tried to get me to compromise, and teach morality, without religion. This gave me a chance to talk plainly though kindly. When I rose to leave, he told me he felt less afraid to send his wife back to me, and he half promised that she should not go elsewhere. Now I want to tell you just what I desire about this, that you may help me with your prayers. My faith in prayer gets stronger every year. I would like "Mohamaya" to come back to us for two years, and then go into Miss Gardner's higher school to finish. Mohamaya is only about nine years of age, and so much of her future happiness and usefulness depend upon the next few years of her life. "Moha," as they call her at home, was very reserved and shy, but as soon as her husband left she ran to me and asked, "I am to come back to your school, am I not?" Her people are very wealthy, but have not much education. She is to spend three months at Gya, so you will have time to help her with your prayers.

THE HILL TRIBES.

Letter from Miss Easton.

June 16th, 1887.—I write you to-day from Dayceling, Calcutta's nearest hill station, having left the city to seek a

cooler clime for the time preceding the breaking of the rains, when the heat is intensest on the plains. After the severe months of almost incessant study, it seemed pleasant and best to drop it for a short time before going actively into Zenana work, as I hope to do immediately on my return. We are pleasantly situated with the blue mountains all about us, and when the clouds rise sufficiently, we have a view of a snow covered range which stands out in all its glittering splendor against the heavy bank of clouds beyond. We are seldom favored now with this grand sight, for the rains have fairly set in, and we are usually enveloped in so thick a mist, that when looking out it seems as though a heavy snow bank must be close against the window panes, so impossible is it to see anything.

The hill tribes are very different from the natives seen on the plains, and perhaps you will be interested in hearing something about them. I believe there are three principal tribes, the Bluetias, Lepchucis and Nepaulese. The prevailing type of feature is the Mongolian. They are a strongly built though not very tall people, but with the ruddy cheek and energetic bearing, convey to one the idea of great strength and endurance. This is not restricted to the men. A story is told of four women, who carried a piano up the mountain side, arriving at their destination smiling and apparently unwearied; and much of the common coolie work of carrying bags, trunks, etc., is done by the women. Often when out, numbers of women pass us, carrying small sized rocks on their backs further up the mountain. At last our curiosity being excited we asked their use, and were smilingly told they were to build houses. Even with these immense weights, they showed themselves quite willing to stop and talk with us. All these burdens are supported by means of a band, which passes around whatever is to be carried, and then about the head so as to bring the pressure on the forehead. There is something very attractive about them, they are such a simple, kind-hearted people. Even the bearded men are

more like overgrown children, quite ready for a rough and tumble game on the grass with their fellows. It has been a great grief that we have had no medium of communication, except for the simplest things, for it is impossible to believe that there are not some among them who might "gladly hear the Word," the precious old story of a Saviour's love. But it has not been possible to let even a ray of light in upon their superstition and darkness, and so—as you may believe—it is a real pleasure to think of going back, with renewed strength, to my field, where I am to go in and out among the people, teaching them, and drawing them, God helping me, to the feet of the One able to save to the uttermost.

POVERTY OF THE NATIVE TEACHER.

Letter from Miss A. HAMILTON.

On Monday I went to visit Kadombini, my Christian teacher, as she was said to be quite unwell. She lives in what is called a "Kantal," rooms built around an open bit of ground and entered by one common door. Each room is hired and occupied by separate families who cannot afford to live more comfortably. In that one Kantal they are all Christians. The rooms are not at all large, but rather confined, I thought. Kadombini was lying in bed, and her two little girls, with no clothes on, lying on the bare floor with a dirty pillow under their heads. The room was tidy and with very little space to move in. Kadombini's little sister was making herself helpful, the husband was out at work, and their little boy in a boarding school. I do not know how they manage to pay for his schooling, although I know they are careful with their incomes and are trying to do their best for the growing family.

The Royal Sisters.

An Allegory by MISS S. F. GARDNER.

ONCE there lived in a large and beautiful garden many lovely women. The king's daughters they were, and to each one of them, according to her special characteristic, he had given a piece of ground for a flower plot. These little gardens they were to cultivate for him, doing their best to make them beautiful and productive. The king did not always live here with his daughters, for he had vast possessions, and was often obliged to be away for months, and his absence was a cause of much sorrow to his children, for they loved him very dearly. Always before going away he would walk with them in the garden, looking at their beds, praising those who had done well and spurring on those who had been neglectful, with the incentive of having an offering for him on his return. They all wanted to please him, and for many days after his departure would work diligently; but by-and-bye some of them would grow a little tired, and the attractions of the garden were so great, that in its joys and pleasures, they often forgot their own little pieces of ground.

But amid all the joys and happiness that reigned in this pleasant place, among these daughters of the king, was one great grief—a grief that they shared with their father. One of their sisters, the beautiful Lady Lotus, had been taken captive many years before, in a time of war, and carried away to a far-off land, and never since had the sisters seen her, though they often heard of her, and how cruelly she was treated—shut up in a cave, the door of which was guarded by a fierce and terrible giant. Often they talked among themselves and mourned the fate of their sister, and wished they might do something for her.

One day in the early morning, the king, walking in the garden, called his daughters to him, and told them anew about the Lady Lotus and her condition in the land of her captivity, explaining to them that the giant who watched over the cave

was of such a nature that he could be more easily subdued and overcome by women than by armies of men; that the work of rescuing their sister was in their hands, rather than in that of their brothers. After talking with them a long time, answering all their doubts and questions, he asked them :

“Now who will go?”

And then looking tenderly in their faces, went away. Consternation and excitement reigned in the royal demesne after the king's departure. Never had these women been away from the beautiful garden in which they lived. The land in which their sister lay imprisoned seemed an impossible distance away. There was much discussion as to whose “duty” it was to go, and each seemed more certain of the others than of her own. The magnificent Lady Calla turned away, saying :

“It's not expected of me.”

The gentle Acacia asked :

“What would my friends do without me?”

And Lady Tulip murmured, half aloud :

“No one would ever hear of me again if I should go so far away.”

And the pretty little Lady White Pink said to herself :

“What a pity it would be for me to go; I have so much talent.”

The Lady White Mulberry thought :

“All my learning would be wasted.”

And so for many hours there was much talking, and with no result! At last, out from their garden plots, where they had been sitting and listening, came Ladies Heliotrope and Violet, and said, modestly :

“We will go.”

Now, of all the king's daughters, these were the most retiring; so much surprise was felt when they declared their intention, but the others were too glad that somebody had decided to make no objection, so preparations were begun immediately for their departure. Many tears were shed over them and many promises made that their gardens should be

looked after while they were gone, and so the day arrived and they started off on their long journey, under the escort of the king, to guard them on their way. They made the long journey over hills and valleys till they reached the land of their sister's captivity—a beautiful land; a land of bright flowers and sweet odors; fountains and springs sparkled in the sunlight, and everything seemed joyous and happy; and they said to themselves, our sister lives in a beautiful land! But all thought of the beauty of earth and sky passed away as they approached the cave in which their sister was imprisoned.

Up to this time hope had filled their hearts. They thought the result of the long journey would be the release of their sister, but when they saw the giant, "Superstition," standing before the door of the cave, and barring all entrance to it by a vigorous use of his heavy club, "Custom," hope sank within them. He seemed so fierce and implacable; and when they begged just to see their sister and he refused, they saw plainly that they were too few to have any effect upon him. Night and day they pleaded with him, but in vain. He would not let them in, nor allow their sister to come out. There was only one thing to do—go back and bring more of their sisters to help them. So sorrowfully they turned their steps homeward, and after many weary days, reached again their beautiful garden, which seemed to them more lovely than ever before. Eagerly the sisters crowded round them, and sadly they told their story. Many were the exclamations of sorrow and dismay, and many roused out of their indifference, and declared their readiness to go, till by the time evening drew near a larger number had decided to set off on the following morning. The little band was accompanied, as before, by the king's escort, and followed by the prayers and tears of those who remained behind. Again the long and tedious journey; again they reached the beautiful, but weary land; again they stood before the giant's cave. The giant was surprised at the sight of this larger number, and half dropped his club, taking advantage of which, they pressed by

him into the cave, and found their sister. What a meeting it was! The Lady Lotus was cheered and comforted by the sight of them, while they gave her loving messages from their father, and the news of the father's home. But when they came to lead her out with them, they found the giant had recovered from his momentary surprise, and was brandishing his cruel club as fiercely as ever, refusing to let her pass out the door of the cave. They pleaded, they sat at the entrance of the dark chamber for many a long weary day, but though now they were allowed to go in and see their sister, and comfort her with their presence, thus making her life more bright and cheerful, they could not release her. Alas! they were not yet strong enough!

Again they must return with the story, if not of entire failure, yet of failure of the result for which they went. This time when the sisters heard of their return, they went out to meet them, expecting to welcome the Lady Lotus; but when they saw in the distance their slow and weary steps, they knew that they had nothing to expect. But now these women were thoroughly aroused. Lady White Mulberry, leaving her books and studies, joined the group of excited talkers, saying:

“It's a shame; something must be done.”

The magnificent Lady Calla asked:

“Why should not I go?”

And Lady Tulip was impatient of the delay of a single night, so anxious was she to get off. And so throughout the garden. The old question of, “Why must I go?” was replaced by, “Is there any reason why I should not go?” and many finding no answer to this, made up their minds to start immediately, so that the next day many of the sweetest and loveliest of the daughters of the king, many of the most accomplished, were ready for the journey. Little Lady White Pink joined the band, with her dearest friend, Lady White Mulberry, and joyfully, because hopefully, they started off. Those who could not go followed with prayers and blessings, but there were no tears this time. The journey seemed

shorter and less wearisome than it had before, for they had in their hearts the assurance of success. Bravely they confronted the fierce old giant. The combined force and strength which they brought to bear upon him was too much for him. They knocked his club from his hand, they drove him away. He tried to rally, but what they could not do with two or three, they now, with their greater and combined numbers, did easily. They kept him down while they entered the cave and led the beautiful Lady Lotus out into the clear, bright sunlight. The giant's strength was gone, the work their father had given them to do was done. They took their sister, weak and languid with her long confinement, nourishing her and comforting her on the way back to their father's house. And now what rejoicing! The king himself came out to meet his daughters. Tenderly, lovingly, he looked into the faces of those who had brought her back. There was no longer any thought of the sacrifices made, the weariness of the way. All was lost sight of in the joy of having the lost one in their home again, and in the loving approval of the king, their father, whom they loved so dearly.

“The King's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needle-work; the virgins, her companions, that follow her, shall be brought unto thee. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the King's palace.”

MISS EASTON writes: The Koortas are not worn by the girls of the Orphanage, but are sent up country, and it does not matter how they are made, with or without bindings. In Calcutta the Jarmars are worn, and Miss Gardner prefers them for her children made of some white material; unbleached muslin is used a great deal, and *without bindings*.

INDIA—ALLAHABAD.

THIS IS OUR TIME—HELP US!

Letter from Miss LATHROP.

July 15th, 1887.—In one house where Miss Willis has six pupils she finds it hard to give religious teaching, as they contest every step. Thus far their faith in the false prophet seems firm, but Bible texts are committed and instruction listened to, and we hope and pray that “the entrance of God’s Word will give light.” A short distance from this family there lives another, where the young members are all learning. One girl of twelve here interests me much by her care for a younger sister, a lively little thing, who but for the tender love and care of this elder, would find life a very different matter. The mother is dead and the father quite indifferent to the girls. As this girl of twelve said, “We are all alone now, and I do not know what will become of her (the younger) when I have to go to my father-in-law’s house.” To this child the Gospel message seems to bring comfort, and the visit of the lady is a day of real light. As you plan and work that means may be raised to send the Gospel into these dark homes, will you not pray especially for these young girls, that the teaching they are now receiving may be blessed to them? Very soon they will be scattered, for it is seldom a girl in India grows up in her father’s house, and we may not be allowed to see them even if they remain in Allahabad, when once they are under the care of their husbands. This is our time to do all we can for them, and we ask you to help us in your prayers for the little “Tertemers,” “Gafuruns,” the bright-faced, tender children upon whom so early come the responsibilities of life.

RESUMING WORK.

Letter from Miss KENNEDY.

July 9th, 1887.—We have this week commenced work after the midsummer holidays and find changes have occurred. I

have had a dear little pupil named Bindee, about eleven years old. She was rather dull, but I liked her. She had been for some time married, and now it seems her husband has had a quarrel with her people and says that she must come to him. This takes her away from her own people, who had hoped to be allowed to keep her for some years. We went to the house, but her husband will not let her read now; we *did not even see her!* I teach one old lady who is very slow, but patient. She wants to learn English, as the other women do, but she does not know all the letters yet, and I am afraid will never learn to read our language, for she is slow in reading her own. Some of the women understand their Bible lessons quickly. They are fond of learning hymns and often beg me to sing one for them. Among other things we teach them a little collection of Bible verses that we have, and those who have been learning some time repeat verse after verse correctly. If they, in time to come, remember nothing else, yet surely these memorized texts cannot fail to do them good. To me India seems a beautiful country, defaced by the idolatry and sin of the inhabitants. I am studying Bengali at present. One Oriental language is quite a work. It is said that the weather has been rather hotter than usual this summer, but so far, if Indian heat is no worse than this, I think it is quite bearable. Of course, the sun is very hot, but inside the house we are comfortable. I have studied during the summer, and rested, too, so as to feel fresh for work in the autumn.

MONTH OF FASTING.

Letter from Miss ADA ROBERTS.

LUCKNOW, *June 23d*, 1887.—Our vacation has this year taken in the whole of the Mahommedan month of fasting. To-day is the last day, and to-morrow will be the I'd (pronounced yed), or great day of rejoicing. The observance of the fast is binding

on every Mahommedan, unless excusable on account of very ill health, and children usually begin joining in the fasts at ten or twelve years of age! During the thirty days it lasts the keepers of the fast are supposed not only to abstain from food of every kind, but also, through the long hot day, from sunrise to sunset, they may not drink water, or even taste the pan leaf, which at other times they use so constantly. The fast is broken at sunset by taking some little delicacy, and the cooking of the first meal begins. There are two or three meals prepared and eaten during the evening and night, when the keepers of the fast try their best, according to their means, to reward themselves for the fast and fortify themselves against the coming day of abstinence, by the greater quantity as well as the better quality of food taken. After the last meal at about three o'clock, A.M., they go to sleep till as late in the morning as they can have time for. When visiting our pupils at this time we find them tired and listless, if not cross, for want of a proper night's rest. I am glad that this trying time has, for this year, passed during our vacation. In the evening, after the thirtieth fast day, groups of Mahommedans may be seen on the house-tops, or any other eminence, searching the eastern sky with eager eyes for the "I'd moon," because the closing festival and feast cannot be celebrated until the moon is actually seen. The joy of seeing this moon is proverbial. Everybody must have a new suit of clothes on the I'd day to wear. Even the poorest will wash their clothes and make them look as fresh as possible, if they cannot afford new things. Should the I'd fall on a Friday, it is so auspicious, that those who have kept the thirty fasts without any interruption, obtain merit equal to that of a journey to Mecca. Those who miss any of the fasts by accident or ill health must, in any case, make up the number at some other time of the year. Paradise is immediately, without any penal suffering after death, open to any one who dies on a Friday I'd.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

It is All Thine Own!

SUCH was David's lowly, humble cry, when he had concluded his magnificent offerings to the future temple to be built for his Lord's glory. It is bewildering to read of the treasures he had thus amassed. "Gold, silver, brass, iron, wood, onyx stones, and stones to be set. Glittering stones and of diverse colors, and all manner of precious stones, and marble in abundance." Yet, said David, as he surveyed in thought his treasure-houses, "Who am I to be able to offer so willingly after this sort? For all things came of Thee and of thine own have we given Thee. IT IS ALL THINE OWN."

A most remarkable romance has of late been written, of great originality and power of imagination, which is based on a legend that Solomon's treasures for the great temple building were stored in the heart of Africa (the Land of Ophir). Caves of jewels locked up in impenetrable fastnesses, guarded by savage craft and cunning. The mind reels beneath the realistic inventory of these jewels beyond compare! Yet without calling fancy to our aid, how vast, wonderful and inexhaustible were the actual resources stored up for God's earthly house!

Slowly but surely the followers of the Lord are now learning David's lesson. Gold and silver, jewels, marbles, precious stones, so valuable and beautiful, so full of the possibilities of power and influence; but when the temple of God is to be built, whose are they? "All this store cometh of Thine hand. It is all thine own." So say some of our own dear members, they have given themselves to the Lord's work, and others have given their goodly offerings, yet the truth remains that the most of us have not David's humble, consecrated mind.

W.

Light on a Difficult Problem.

WE recently read in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, of July 16th, a very carefully written article on Zenana Missions, by Dr. J. S. Phillips, long of the Orissa Mission, in India. In it he pleads for the protection of the *hidden* influences of spiritual life within many hearts shut up in the Zenanas, there to display to their own kin the fruits of the Gospel they are taught. He sees "a danger" from the natural desire of Societies at home to glean "results;" and from missionaries themselves pressing too quickly upon their Zenana pupils the duty of publicly professing faith in Jesus Christ. Perhaps the effect of such an act would be separation from home ties, a step involving great risk and life-long danger.

In conclusion, the suggestion is offered, which the writer adds is already a mooted question in mission circles, "Whether Christian women—that is, Zenana missionaries—should not be empowered to administer the ordinances of the Church in the Zenana homes. At a spirited discussion on this topic in the Calcutta Missionary Conference, held a few years ago, the prevailing opinion of missionaries seemed to be in favor of the administration of baptism by women in Zenanas."

Summer Work and Rest.

DURING the oppressive days of our late July, a company of ladies were seeking their summer rest beneath the broad piazza and shady elms of the Grover House, Caldwell, N. J.

Suddenly, like an inspiration, the thought came to one of them, of devoting a few minutes each day to mission work. A little circle was shortly formed, and needles, thimbles and scissors were busily set to work. Each day after luncheon, a little knot might be seen at a certain corner of the piazza, dextrously weaving into pin-cushion or needle-book the best

material the country store could offer, or putting into shape the dainty bits of silk and satin, that, by various expeditions to their city homes, kind ladies had produced. Even some of the children lent their nimble fingers, and one generous little fellow who let the half hour slip by in pleasant play, made up the loss a few hours later, by going indoors that mid-summer afternoon and working with all his heart and soul, that he might give back in "good measure, pressed down and running over," the time that he had lost.

So the "half hour circle," which some were inclined to eye with a curious smile, came to be an established order of the day; and when, at the close of the season, a small but closely packed box was ready to go on its mission to some far off heathen land, the few who had given their willing efforts were not the losers for this little daily service, in vacation time.

T. B.

A Hint.

"**S**TIR up the gift that is in thee," was an Apostolic injunction which is as needful to-day as it was eighteen hundred years ago; it is also as true that to some are committed ten talents, to others two, and to another one.

Some ladies were once airing their capabilities for earning a livelihood, should sudden misfortune befall them. One said that she could make bonnets, another, that she could make dresses, and so they quite luxuriated in the air castle of competence to rise upon possible ruin. Only one of the party seemed unconscious of possessing any talent for work, but she modestly suggested, "*I can do without.*" Whether this is the highest or the lowest round of the ladder of service, we leave our readers to conjecture.

We only state the fact that has been advertised, that by one week of self-denial the Salvation Army raised sixty thousand dollars.

H. E. B.

Memorial.

Mrs. J. D. Richardson.

IN the year 1860, the 14th of November, nine earnest Christian women met in one of the quiet homes of Boston to form a Society for the uplifting and spiritual instruction of heathen women throughout the great idolatrous East.

Conspicuous among this little band was Mrs. J. D. Richardson, the first to pledge her untiring service in a work for which she often said "a love was born in her soul." This love inspired the most intense loyalty and devotion to interests of this cause, her labors never ceasing until the close of a long and unusually useful life. So "single was her eye" to the glory of God, so humble the estimate of her own influence, that she gladly proposed that this little band of pioneers should become auxiliary to a larger association forming in New York, the commencement of the "Woman's Union Missionary Society of America for Heathen Lands."

At the twenty-fifth Anniversary of this Society, as providential reasons prevented Mrs. Richardson from meeting with the gathering of kindred spirits, a letter of greeting was sent which contained the following characteristic sentences :

"I naturally look back with pleasure to the day, November 14th, 1860, when the little company of nine ladies met together and laid the foundation for the work which now interests so large a number of zealous Christian women of all denominations. I rejoice that our dear Lord set His seal upon our small beginning, that it has grown to such goodly proportions, and that great results have been accomplished by this now large and influential Society. This Society and its work has ever been dear to my heart, and while it pleases my Heavenly Father to continue my life and health, I shall daily work and pray for its prosperity."

How truly this promise was fulfilled, we know; for her nearer and dearer ones tell us that :

"Her last work was for the dear Society she loved so much." "The week previous to her death she spent all the time she was able to be out, in making her collections," "and had commenced the preparation of a box to be sent to India, devoting all her leisure to the work. The very last stitches that were taken by her busy fingers, a few days before her death, were on garments for these distant mission stations, and she left, as a substantial evidence of her love and interest in the Union Society, a legacy she would gladly have made larger."

A sudden summons came to this dear servant of the Lord, and her earnest wish was fulfilled, "to die in the harness." Patient and unswerving obedience to His will was expressed in the answer to the question, if she did not long to go home and was not tired of this world? "I am ready to live as long as the Lord has any work for me to do; I am ready to go, and ready to stay." "As she neared the banks of the river there was given her a view of the glory which she was to enjoy in His presence, and she called by name many of 'this great multitude' whose presence was revealed to her dying eyes."

Loyal, faithful servant of the Master, "Well done"! We are sadly the poorer for this loss in loving service and in constant daily prayer for the growth and best interests of our cause, but the memory of this pioneer in our "Woman's Union Missionary Society" will be our heritage, and we shall rejoice together at the last great day when she meets the throng of the redeemed and learns what great and divine purposes were enfolded in that little November gathering twenty-seven years ago.

S. D. D.

Dr. Mary Gale.

A FAREWELL meeting for this new representative of our Medical Mission was held at 41 Bible House, September 23d. As Dr. Gale goes to Shanghai, China, as assistant physician to the "Margaret Williamson Hospital," the meeting was devoted to the especial interests of this work, now growing so rapidly as to need reinforcements in each department. Words of cheer and tender prayers were offered by many friends of our cause, and through Mrs. Hughes, a member of our Board, pledges on our behalf, and farewell words to Dr. Gale, were lovingly spoken. And so this new missionary physician goes out from among us consecrating her best gifts, her enthusiastic love for healing and her Christian womanhood to our Medical Mission in China. We ask that very constant prayer from our Society, near and afar, may follow her, that the mission she will reinforce may be the stronger, the more Christ-like, because she has joined it.

MISSION BAND DEPARTMENT.

Strange Enchantments.

BY L. RODERICK, OF ALLAHABAD.

I WILL tell you something about the superstitions of the natives here in India. A servant of ours has a swollen hand, and thinks that something "bewitched" it while she was washing some cooking vessels out of doors. I suggested she should go to the Hospital, as some insect had probably stung her; but she turned a deaf ear to my advice and has been instead to one who has tried to do away with the enchantment.

At present there is in the city a girl whom the natives firmly believe is possessed by a goddess and has the power to multiply money, though the money, they say, turns into dust after the girl departs, and as pieces of tin are also found among the coins she is supposed to produce, you may judge how skillful she is in her art! She is supposed to produce the coins from her face.

This same girl is also supposed to have brought small-pox with her, as the disease is rather prevalent just now. The deity whose wrath it is supposed to express, is called "Matha," or Mother, and is worshiped, that her victims may recover. In nearly every cross road of the city garlands of flowers, or scattered rice, water, or a burning lamp, or even an offering of fruit, may be seen, doubtless placed by some devotee, who has a dear one at home afflicted with the dreadful malady, and who thus plans that the first person who steps unwittingly over the offering will take the disease, carry it off, and the sick one recover! Natives who pass the offering and recognize it, will bend low and touch their foreheads to do it honor, or add a little more to the offering. A sacrifice of goats is also made to the goddess to appease her wrath!

How They go to Bed in Japan.

A BED in Nikko, Japan, is eight or so thick silk wadded comforters piled upon the floor; upon this a very ample wadded coat is placed. You slip into this great coat, put your arms into the long sleeves, fold it over you and sleep! The pillow is a block of wood placed under the neck; but it looks too hard, and I carry a rubber pillow to take its place. A paper lantern is lighted all night, for the people, I am told, are much afraid of the dark.

An African Girl Who Loved Prayer.

ONE lovely moonlight night we had the usual prayer meeting on the grass in front of our house, and when all had dispersed the children and I still lingered on, and they talked, not thinking that I listened, about the prayers. One said this person's prayer was too long, and another said whom she liked to hear pray, when one of my girls said, "Well, prayer is always sweet to me; I like prayer from every one, and nobody's is too long." A few days later we set out on a journey, this child being with me. At night we took shelter under a shed. About twelve o'clock I woke, and found my little girl at prayer. I supposed she thought it morning and time to get up, for one good heathen practice is kept up now that they are Christians; in the morning, on waking, every one salutes his idol before anything else, and now, though you may wake any of our people in the morning, they do not speak to you until they have bowed in prayer to thank God for His mercy, and to ask His blessing for the day. So when we were on the road next day I asked my little damsel if she had thought it was morning. "Oh no, ma'am; but I hardly ever woke in the night before, so I thought it would be so nice to pray."—*Selected.*

A Senseless Idol.

BY A. HAMILTON.

WE had rather a small school on Thursday, as it was "Rath Jatra" day. The god Juggernath rides his chariot to pay his maternal aunt a visit, in whose residence he remains for a week. I don't think he is supposed to ride out any more after this one annual visit. This amusing play is seen to perfection in Puree, in Orissa, for the real Juggernath idol is there, and his aunt has her respective place some distance away from his. It is said his aunt is poor and cannot afford to give him whole grains of rice for his meals, but what is in chips, and it always rains the day he leaves her, clearly showing with what floods of tears she grieves over his short visit. All the Hindus who go to Puree at the eventful period, gladly and religiously partake of the same kind of food as their idol has to eat. In fact, if I am not mistaken his enormous share is daily portioned out to the devotees at a certain price. I am inclined to think poor Juggernath's priests made little money this time, for a few weeks back about seven hundred natives going there on a pilgrimage, were lost, steamer and all, in a cyclone, which must have been terrible from accounts in the newspapers. My girls were talking about it that day in school, and they seemed to think it very funny, that the god whom so many people were intending to worship and offer presents to, could not save his followers.

ACCOMPANYING BOX FOR HOSPITAL.—"Ours is a new Church, and our Mission Band is not yet a year old. Our box is a small one, but could it speak, it would tell of Christian earnestness and self-denial. For money, to the girls who compose the Band, means individual effort. We trust that the box will be found as useful as the making and sending it has given us pleasure."

Two dollars, a little thanksgiving for a most gracious answer to prayer. Please apply for the purchase of the marble *Agnus Dei* for the Marquand Museum.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Thomas Campbell, by Leverich Memorial Band, Corona, L. I.
 Samuel Ralph Harlow, Brooklyn, L. I., by his parents.

DONATIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts for our mission stations:
India, Calcutta.—For Miss Hook, from Mrs. W. H. Van Wagenen, Newark, a box containing thirty-seven dressed dolls, from the Young Ladies' Zenana Band of the Central Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Dobbs Ferry, 131 dolls, twenty-three yards cambric, 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards gingham, one dozen towels.

Mrs. Edward M. Field, thirty dolls.

M. E. Page Memorial Band, Corona, five dolls, five scrap books, wash rags, cards, etc.

Mrs. B. Mitchell, Orange, Mass., seventeen koortas.

Germantown Auxiliary, ninety dolls, eighteen handkerchiefs, table cloth, books, cards, comfortable, towels.

Old "Badger Band," La Crosse, Wis., ten dolls, two baskets, books.

Miss Stevens, Princeton, N. J., trunk of garments, towels, scissors.

Concord Auxiliary, Bible and apron for Christina.

Mrs. Mitchell, Pioneer Band, Brooklyn, bags, patchwork, and cards for Miss Caddy.

Half Hour Circle, Grover House, Caldwell, N. J., five dolls, pin cushions, needle books.

Friends in Southport, Conn., forty-four dolls, six koortas, books.

The King's Daughters, Tremont, N. Y., box of dolls and work bags.

Trigo Band, per Mrs. Manchester, Farmington, Cal., pieced quilt.

Mrs. Terry, Irvington, N. Y., four koortas.

Orphanage—Mrs. C. H. Parker, Boston, for Gertrude, two handkerchiefs; for Miss Gardner, basket, clock, toy animals and pen wiper.

Roselle, N. J., eleven wash cloths, knit by Mrs. Dow when in her eighty-fifth year. The last work of this warm friend for Miss Gardner's children. In August, Mrs. Dow was called from faithful service to her Heavenly reward.

Mrs. J. J. McComb, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., twelve boxes Cuticura, six boxes soap.

New Brunswick Auxiliary, two canvas scrap books.

Syracuse, N. Y., a box.

Miss E. Whitney, Newton, Mass., twelve work bags.

Harry and Nellie Moffat, Sing Sing, N. Y., box of picture cards, etc.

Miss Laura Pierson, Philadelphia, a doll and dress.
Cawnpore.—"Children of the King" Band, twelve scrap books, patch work, thirty koortas, thirteen dolls, basted bed spread.
 Mrs. Williams, Hackensack, fourteen koortas, cards.
 Mrs. Cummins, Lutherville, Md., package for Miss Eberle.
 Morristown Auxiliary, 145 koortas, twenty-two dolls, eleven work bags, scrap books, etc.
 Mrs. Turrell, Cold Spring, for Miss Ward, rug and dust rag-bag.
Allahabad.—Argonaut Society and friends, Rockford, Ill., for Miss Lathrop, eighty-nine dolls, twenty-five koortas.
 Snowflake Band, Byron, Ill., box dolls.
Japan.—For Miss Crosby, from the "American Tract Society," New York, twenty-five copies "Songs of Zion."
 Mrs. Dr. Oehme, Newark, N. J. Part of a piece of muslin, part piece calico, four handkerchiefs, soap, etc.
China.—Dr. Reifsnnyder, from Mrs. J. J. McComb, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., valuable box of surgical instruments, and bedding for Hospital.
 Mrs. S. E. Warner and Miss McConochie, Brooklyn, package for Miss Andrews.
 Miss Kate C. Millett, Mountain Mission Band, Orange, N. J., fifty cards for Dr. Reifsnnyder.
 Miss Hyde, N. Y., cards and linen for hospital.
 Mrs. Chichester, Norwalk, Ct., twine bag, and articles for sale.



RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society, from
 August 1st to October 1st, 1887.

MASSACHUSETTS.		
Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treas. (see items below),	\$52 00	
Merrimac, Mrs. E. R. Sawyer, for Miss Hook's use among the "Ghees" at Christmas,	10 00	
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	\$62 00	
RHODE ISLAND.		
Narragansett Pier, Miss Louisa Le Roy, to complete the endowment of "Charlotte Otis Le Roy Memorial Bed," in Margaret Williamson Hospital at Shanghai,	\$35 00	
CONNECTICUT.		
Fairfield, M. E. M., annual contribution,	\$5 00	
New Haven, "In Memoriam		
		T. D. W., September 14th, 1883," for bed in Margaret Williamson Hospital, for one year, from Mrs. F. B. Dexter, \$25 00
		Per Mrs. F. B. Dexter, Mrs. Henry Farnam, for medical work at Shanghai, 50 00
		Per Mrs. F. B. Dexter, Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, for Margaret Williamson Hospital, 25 00
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		\$105 00
		NEW YORK.
		Brooklyn, "Children of the King," per Miss Addie Dickerson, for freight on box, . . . \$1 00
		Corona, Corona Auxiliary, with Leverich Memorial Band, per Mrs. John Van Wickel, gift to Katsu Shorinda, Japan, in care of Mrs. Viele, and to complete Life Membership of MRS. THOMAS CAMPBELL, 5 00

Dobbs Ferry, Mrs. J. J. McComb, for freight on box to Shanghai,	\$2 00
Ithaca, from the school of the First Presbyterian church, per Miss Ada Stoddard, for the Margaret Williamson Hospital,	61 10
Le Roy, Missionary Society of Ingham University, per Miss Helen Gardner, for child under Miss Gardner, Calcutta,	30 00
New York, Messrs. Briesen and Steele, legacy from estate of Mrs. Ellen L. Congdon, Mr. C. A. Fatum, Executor, \$1,000, less State tax, \$50,	950 00
Miss Laura Halsted,	5 00
Invalid's Auxiliary, Mrs. L. A. Mikels, Treas. <i>pro tem.</i> , for nurse in Shanghai, from Miss D. A., .10; E. A. T., .25; S. N., .20; Miss S., .25; E. D., .25; M. L., .25; L., .25; M. G. H., 2.50; S. S. R. H., .20; M. J. C., 1; E. P., 1.80; K. A. V., 2; L. V. K., .50; M. V. W., .50,	10 05
From Miss H., toward support of Miss Shaw, Cawnpore,	50 00
Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie Auxiliary, Mrs. G. H. Morgan, Treas., for "Ping-tsing" in Shanghai,	30 00
Smithtown Branch, L. I., per Mrs. D. J. Ely, Miss Anna B. Warner, for child in Calcutta, one-half year,	15 00
Utica, Mrs. Sarah H. Mudge, annual contribution,	5 00
Watertown, Miss E. S. Wardell,	5 00
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	\$1,169 15

NEW JERSEY.

Caldwell, "Half Hour Circle," for expressage on box,	50
Chatham, Oak Ridge Mission Band, per Miss S. Wallace, for Ugila, in Calcutta,	\$40 00
Newark, Dr. James B. Burnet, for Maria Theresa Burnet, at Calcutta Orphanage, to Feb. 9th, 1889,	30 00
South Orange, through Foreign Mission Committee of Reformed Episcopal Church, Rev. A. M. Morrison, Secretary, for work in Cawnpore, Mrs. Mackenzie Moncton, New Brunswick, per Bishop W. R. Nicholson,	2 00
Trenton, by Miss A. R. Stephenson: Mrs. E. B. Fuller, 5; Miss S. Sherman, 5; Miss A. R. Stephenson, 1; Lillie, 1; A. R. S., for LINK, .50,	12 50
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	\$85 00

PENNSYLVANIA.

Liverpool, Miss Kate Wenner, donation for Margaret Williamson Hospital, 5; LINK subscription, 1, per Miss Anna Reifsnnyder,	\$6 00
Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah Chauncey Savage, added for passage of Medical Missionaries to Shanghai, making \$275 in all,	150 00
Philadelphia Branch, Miss C. Remington, Treasurer: For Miss Lathrop, . . . \$196 00 " " Leslie, etc., . . . 196 00 " " Hook, . . . 196 00 " Sally Lane, in the Orphanage, . . . 30 00 For Margaret Bucknell, in Orphanage, . . . 30 00	<hr/>
	648 00
Miss Laura W. Pierson, to complete the support of child in Calcutta Orphanage, 13; and for 1888, 7,	20 00
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	\$824 00

MARYLAND.

Glencoe, Mrs. M. M. Austen, for support of a new "Lily Star" in Calcutta,	\$30 00
Lutherville, Mrs. Cummins, for expressage on box,	75
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	\$30 75

KENTUCKY.

Franklin, Dorinda Band, per Mrs. D. A. Duncan, for Iwazaki O'Kin san, in Japan,	\$15 00
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MISSOURI.

St. Louis, St. Louis Aux., Mrs. S. W. Barber, Treasurer, for Bibles for Miss Hook's use,	\$5 00
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NEW MEXICO.

Laguna, Miss Floretta Shields, towards Life Membership of Mrs. Martha Smith, Winfield, Kansas,	\$25 00
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CALIFORNIA.

Mills Seminary, Tolman Band, Miss C. K. Goulding, Treasurer, for Margaret Williamson Hospital, Shanghai,	\$50 00
Pasadena, Miss Ellora Munger, for medical work in Shanghai,	5 00
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	\$55 00

SALES OF PUBLICATIONS.

Subscriptions to MISSIONARY LINK—Miss Renaud, Montreal, 3; Mrs. Walcott, La-crosse, Wis., 3; smaller sub-scriptions, 7.66,	\$13 66
Sales of "Kardoo,"	1 32
" leaflets,	21
Postage, etc.,	42
	\$15 61

Received in August and September, towards purchase of statue "Agnus Dei" (see list below), \$512 11

Total receipts from August 1st to October 1st, 1887, \$2,938 62

Mrs. J. E. JOHNSON,
Asst. Treas.

RECEIVED towards purchase of Statue "Agnus Dei," and to aid the
Medical Mission Work in Shanghai.

Concord, N. H., Concord Branch, Mrs. H. W. Stevens, Treasurer,	\$10 00
Wakefield, Miss Harriett Dow, Boston, Mass., Dorchester & Roxbury Aux., of Boston Branch, Mrs. Henry Johnson, Treasurer, Mrs. Elbridge Torrey,	25 00
Boxford, Miss M. K. A. Stone, 1; and Mrs. J. S. Stone, 1,	2 00
Fall River, Mrs. Harriet C. Gould,	1 00
Haverhill, Miss Sarah N. Kittedge, 1; Mrs. M. F. Ames, 1,	2 00
Northampton, Mrs. H. C. Seelye, Newport, R. I., Mrs. W. L. Ellison,	1 00
Collected by Mrs. E. D. W. Thayer,	18 50
Westerley, Mrs. Mary T. Babcock,	2 00
Fairfield, Conn., Miss Abby B. Nichols,	5 00
New Haven, collected by Mrs. F. B. Dexter: Mrs. F. B. Dexter, 10; A friend, 1; Miss H. Starr, .50; Miss M. E. Baldwin, .50; Mrs. Nelson Hall, 1; Miss E. C. Bradley, 2; Miss Susan Bradley, 1; Mrs. J. M. Hoppin, 1; Miss Davenport, 1; Mr. Tredwell Ketcham, 10; Mrs. S. B. Strong, Setauket, L. I., .50; Miss M. W. Kimball, .50; F. B. Dexter, 1,	30 00
Norwalk, Mrs. E. V. A. Chichester, .50; Mrs. D. N. Couch, .50; Mrs. Geo. R. McGonegal, .50,	1 50
Sharon, Mrs. R. C. Geer,	2 00
Windsor, Miss M. E. Sill and Miss E. L. Morgan, per Miss Anna M. Sill,	5 00
Albany, N. Y., Mrs. Catherine Smith,	5 00

In memory of Miss Melville, by her sisters, H. M. G. and K. M. H.,	\$2 00
Mrs. L. Stickney,	2 00
Mrs. Maurice E. Viele,	50
Mrs. O. H. Johnson, 5, and Mrs. S. Davidson, 5,	10 00
Mrs. Worthington La Grange, from Mrs. Bradley, .50; Miss Bassett, .50; Mrs. Luther, .50; Miss Mary Luther, .50; Mrs. G. A. Wilson, .50; Mrs. W. L. Freeman, 50; Mrs. McClurg, 1; Mrs. W. La Grange, .50; Anna La Grange, .50,	5 00
Angola, Mrs. R. F. Bourne,	1 00
Brooklyn, H. P. W., "a bad debt,"	2 51
Mrs. W. H. Harris,	2 00
Mrs. M. G. Waterman,	50
Buffalo, Mrs. Sterling Ely,	5 00
Clifton Springs, Mrs. Dr. Henry Foster, from friends,	17 00
Cohoes, "M. A. V.,"	5 00
Corona, Corona Aux., with Leve- rich Memorial Band, per Mrs. John Van Wickel,	7 50
Dansville, Mrs. F. E. Dana,	10 00
Dobbs Ferry, Mrs. J. J. McComb, 2; Miss M. Alice McComb, 5, Elizabethtown, Mrs. Cornelia Noble,	7 00
Glenville, Miss Julia Harmon,	1 60
Hicks, Mrs. Susan A. Davis,	1 00
Ithaca, Mrs. H. A. St. John, 1, and Mrs. and Miss Hardy, 2, Mrs. J. P. McGraw,	25 00
New York, Mrs. H. L. South- mayd,	50
Mrs. D. C. Hughes,	1 00
Mrs. C. A. Colby,	2 00
Plattsburgh, by Mrs. Moss K. Platt, Miss Lena Augustine, 1; Miss Jennie Heath, 1; Mrs. J. H. Myers, 1; Mrs. M. P. Myers, 1,	4 00
Setauket, L. I., Mrs. Thomas S. Strong,	50

Southampton, L. I., A friend, . . .	\$1 00	Woodbury, Mrs. Fred. Fair- thorne, . . .	\$1 00
Stapleton, S. I., Mrs. Erastus C. Bridgman, 1; Miss S. Jennie Kingsley, N. Y., 1, . . .	2 00	Morton, Penn., Mrs. Jane C. Ed- wards, . . .	5 00
Wurtsboro, Mrs. S. G. DuBois, . .	1 50	Philadelphia, Mrs. A. F. Lex, 1; and Miss M. M. Kirkpatrick, 1, . . .	2 00
Asbury Park, N. J., Mrs. I. S. Gulick, Mrs. Dr. Ford, .50; Mr. I. Henry Gulick, .50, . . .	1 00	Mrs. Stotesbury, 1; Mrs. Wm. Waterall, 1; Mrs. Breed, .50; Miss C. Remington, 2.50, . . .	5 00
Bridgeton, Miss Abbie H. Burt, .50; Miss Eleanor Bennett, Fairton, .50, . . .	1 00	New Castle, Del., per Mrs. S. W. Spotswood, Miss A. I. Stock- ton, 1; Mrs. E. S. Nisbet, 1; Miss A. R. S., .50; Miss V. S., 1; Mrs. S. W. Spotswood, 5; Miss S. B. S., .50; . . .	9 00
Cranford, per Miss Mary A. Fisher, Mrs. Wm. P. Wood- ward, 1; Mrs. J. C. Crane, .50; Miss M. A. Fisher, .50, . . .	2 00	Wilmington, Mrs. S. F. DuPont, . .	25 00
Per Mrs. Dr. Sackett, Mrs. N. R. Park, .50; Mrs. W. H. Woodruff, .50; Mrs. Dr. Sackett, .50, . . .	1 50	Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Henry On- derdonk, St. James' College, . .	2 00
Millstone, Millstone Aux., per Mrs. E. T. Corwin, . . .	15 00	Glencoe, Mrs. M. M. Austen, . . .	10 00
Morris Plains, Mrs. J. L. Ballan- tine, . . .	100 00	Oakland, Mrs. Fitzhugh Coyle, . .	5 00
Morristown, Miss M. H. Maury and Miss Helen Woodruff, . . .	1 00	Washington, D. C., Mrs. H. Le Conte, . . .	1 00
Mrs. G. W. Colles, . . .	50	Dayton, Ohio, Miss Belle Eaker, 10; and Mrs. S. L. Winters, 5, . . .	15 00
Motley, "T., . . .	1 00	Louisville, Ky., Mrs. George W. Anderson, 1; Mrs. W. W. Campbell, .50; Miss Jarvis, .50, . . .	2 00
Newark, "M., . . .	1 00	Knoxville, Tenn., per Mrs. H. M. Newcomb, . . .	1 00
Mrs. J. Steele, . . .	50	Chicago, Ill., Mrs. W. E. Hince- cliffe, .50; and Miss Susie Hincecliffe, .50, . . .	1 00
Mrs. Charles Wheeler, . . .	1 00	St. Joseph, Mich., Mrs. G. H. Roberts, . . .	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Van Wagenen, . . .	50	St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. Catherine M. Hyde, . . .	2 00
Ocean Grove, Mrs. Gregg Chan- dler, . . .	1 00	Colorado Springs, Col., Mrs. Winthrop S. Gilman, . . .	10 00
Passaic, Mrs. Jos. A. Spowell, . . .	10 00	St. Louis, Mo., St. Louis Aux., from Mrs. S. W. Barber, . . .	10 00
Plainfield, Miss Mary E. Whiten, Princeton, "A little thanksgiving for a gracious answer to prayer," . . .	2 00	Georgetown, Texas, Mrs. Jennie L. Hughes, 2; and her little son, 1, . . .	3 00
Trenton, Mrs. E. B. Fuller, 1; Mrs. F. S. McNeely, .50; Mrs. Wm. J. McCann, .50; Mrs. Wm. H. Brace, .50; Mrs. R. J. Brace, .50; Mrs. A. S. Brace, .50; Mrs. Dr. Wm. Green, .50; Mrs. Wm. Gagg, .50; Mrs. H. Hunt, .50; Miss S. Sherman, 1; Miss S. W. Brace, .50; Mrs. M. W. Thomson, .50; Miss E. Galla- gher, .50; Miss Emma DeCon, .50; Miss M. F. Pearson, .50; Miss Sarah Green, .50; Miss A. R. Stephenson, 1, . . .	10 00	Mills Seminary, California, Miss C. K. Goulding Treasurer of Tolman Band, . . .	5 00
			\$512 11

RECEIPTS of Boston Branch.

Dorchester and Roxbury Auxil- iary, Miss C. A. Vinson, Treas.	
Mrs. Frank Wood,	\$50 00
A friend,	2 00
	<hr/>
	\$52 00
Also from Mrs. Bela Mitchell, Orange, Mass., to hold in	

trust for her, \$1,550, and in
Bonds, \$2,500.
Also for medical work in Shang-
hai, elsewhere acknowl-
edged, \$25.

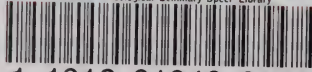
MRS. HENRY JOHNSON,

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